MRS. NAGG AND MR.—

By Roy L. McCardell.

A Woman Is a Better Friend to a Woman, and Women Never Gossip About Each Other Like Men Do!

ROY McCARDELL.

DON'T talk to me about women gabbling, Mr. Nagg! If women were one-half the gossips men are, then you might talk. There are some women who do backbite their neighbors, I will admit! But, as I say, if they were half as bad as men, then you might talk!

But you haven't said anything, you say? Ah, Mr. Nagg, that's it! That's just the thing that causes all the trouble! If you would only come out and say what you think, no matter what it was, if I could only get an outspoken opinion from you, I would welcome criticism!

I have faults. I know I have. I do not pretend to be a beautiful woman, but I can say that before I was married I attended a euchre party in Madison street, at some very fashionable people's—you remember the Clicketts, who made so much money dealing in antiques? Old man Clickett had the largest junk shop in the Wallabout section, and used to go 'round winter and summer wearing a dirty old linen duster, and used to mortify the Clickett girls by picking up old cigar stumps, and he was arrested once for buying lead pipe from schoolboys who had taken it out of empty houses!

Well, at the Clicketts' house was a young man that used to write police and society news for one of the Brooklyn papers, and he used to say how often he met the same people in both places—well, he wrote up the euchre party under the heading of "Fashionable Functions" and got my name spelled wrong, but he alluded to me "among others of that bevy of beautiful Brooklyn belles," and he borrowed a ring from me and I never could get it back again.

So, I say, living with you and putting up with what I have to put up with is enough to drive the bloom from anybody, and I do not claim to be a good-looking woman, although everybody who sees me says I haven't changed a bit, and I was counted as rather fetching as a girl, and although, as I say, if people will flatter me, I can't help it, and although I lay no claim to good looks, I have a figure, and I do know how to carry myself, and even with the few cheap little dresses I have I look better than Mrs. Stryver, for no matter how that woman puts on the finery she always looks vulgar and common! And although Mrs. Cheapskait toadies to her and will follow after her, although Mrs. Stryver cuts her dead whenever she feels like it, and Susan Terwilliger, who is always running around carrying tales and making trouble, although I will say for her that she will not lie about everybody she knows and then deny it, like Mrs. Gradley does—what I will say is, that a woman is a better and more sincere friend than a man!

I have my friends, and I appreciate them, and I know they appreciate me. But what friends have you? Where are all the friends you had when we were first married? You haven't one of them to-day!

Look at that George Belchambers, the fellow I ordered out of the house the first time he called and tried to get you to go to a political meeting with him!

And your bosom friend, Jack Kinneywig, much he cares for you since he moved away to California and came into a lot of money!

Do you ever hear from him? He's been dead ten years? How do you know? You only read it in the papers, and one can't believe what one sees in the papers! His body was shipped east for burial? How do you know it was his body? You can't trust men these days!

So what I say is that women may have their faults, but they never talk about each other, and they stick by each other.

Oh, don't deny it by sitting there so silent, Mr. Nagg! You know it's true! You men are all alike!

Luncheon Talks with the Boss.

By Mark Madigan.

"DON'T spend your time standing around 'knocking' your competitors. "The man who gives over most of his time to knocking doesn't have much left for pushing himself along.

"The person against whom your 'knock' is directed only suffer by it if they are weak and uninfluential, in which case you not only make an exhibition of your own weakness, but also exhibit a spirit of cowardice in helping to hurt the weak.

"The head of your department will soon learn to typify you as a backbiter if you make a practice of the fault of 'knocking,' and he will grow suspicious of you, because he is sure to argue with himself that a man who makes a business of knocking other folks will not stop when he finds an excuse for giving it to the head of the department.

"'Knocking' is done scientifically by some men, and by an unusual gift they are able to point out continuously the faults and weaknesses of others without seeming to be conscious they are doing it and without any suggestion of viciousness in it, but they are doing the damage none the less surely.

"Sometimes that kind of men achieve prominent positions in the executive departments of the establishment, and the places are not enviable ones, as a rule. The criticising habit grows in those who have it, and a man who is a handy fellow seldom develops into anything else. He's a sapper and an absorber. The critic doesn't produce anything. His existence depends on the progress of other individuals, and he is one of the pieces of machinery that is last spared, although he is hard to unfasten from his place because he has sharpened fangs deep in the substance around him. As a rule, he is a fighter. He just holds on tight and doesn't say anything till the trouble is out just sticks as tight as he can.

"No one really likes him and the man with creative ideas beats him out to success every time, although it generally takes a lot of patience to do so."

PAPA'S GIRL.

She Overtrains, and Wrecks More than Her Constitution.

By F. G. Long.

"Love Makes the World Go Round."

By Walter Wellman.

Cholly—I'd marry her, if it wasn't for the fact that she's been three times divorced.

Willy—By jove! She must have lots of admirers now, then.

He—When I'm in love I put my whole heart in it.

She—And often put your foot in it, too.

Willie—Say, Mr. Softy, can't you talk anything but baby talk when you're courtin' sister in the parlor? I was listening last night and I couldn't understand a word.

He—Love makes a fool of any man.

She—How many times you must have been in love!

In and Out of the Theatres

WE'VE had the Iron Hand, the Fine Italian Hand, the Black Hand, the Pat Hand, and other hands, but it has remained for George Ade to give us the Shielding Hand. "A Fair Exchange" was half negotiated at the Liberty Theatre on the opening night before the audience discovered the identity of the Man Behind the Hand in an upper box. Then the whisper grew, "It's George Ade!" and opera glasses were trained sou' by sou'west. All the time the modest Ade hid his fabled face with a hand spread out like the map of Indiana. With him, among others, was Richard Harding Davis, who fearlessly wore his war correspondent's face.

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LEO DITRICHSTEIN, who lives in an old colonial mansion near Stamford, Conn., recently gathered into his employ as man-of-all-work a stolid, taciturn rustic of Germanic antecedents. One of this servitor's daily matutinal duties is to drive Mr. Ditrichstein to the railroad station, whence he is borne away to New York to direct the rehearsals of his latest farce, "Before and After," which will be seen at the Manhattan Theatre on Tuesday night.

Sunday afternoon Fritz Williams, Thomas A. Wise, Katherine Lawrence Kenyon Bishop and George C. Boniface jr., members of the "Before and After" company, warehoused themselves in Mr. Williams's motor car and chug-chugged down to call upon Mr. Ditrichstein. Somewhere in the vicinity of Stamford they lost their way and drew up at the roadside to seek information of a stolid, taciturn countryman, the same being the playwright's faithful retainer.

"Yah, I know Mr. Ditrichstein," he said, in response to inquiries. "You go up the road about half a mile, and then you turn to the left till you come to a white house, then you go down about a quarter of a mile, and then, if you don't find the place, ask somebodies else."

"Who is this Mr. Ditrichstein, anyway?" asked Mr. Wise.

"He's mine boss," returned the child of nature.

"Yes, I know; but isn't he a theatrical man?"

"Maybe no," was the halting answer. "But," brightening, "he's a nice mans."

"But certainly, being in his employ, you should know what Mr. Ditrichstein does," pursued Miss Bishop.

"Oh, maybe yes," he smiled. "Mr. Ditrichstein is a rehearsaler!"

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KYRLE BELLEW has had a varied career both on and off the stage. His account of his adventures in Australia is particularly interesting. He had gone out to Melbourne with a letter of introduction to Gavan Duffy, who offered him a post as census collector.

"That didn't come to much," said Mr. Bellew, "but at that time in Melbourne there was being exhibited a show which represented the Franco-Prussian war. It was a sort of panorama, and Dr. W. H. Russell, the famous war correspondent, had written a lecture for it. George Coppin came to me and asked me if I would give the lecture, which I gladly consented to do. The show took place in the local Madame Tussaud's. I did this for seven weeks, after which I applied for a post at the Melbourne Theatre, without success.

"Then came a great gold rush, and I went up country. Here I had great luck, and made quite a little fortune. But it did not last long, and again I was on my beam-ends, doing everything that men do in Australia when luck has turned against them—sometimes working as a miner, sometimes on a station, often a sundowner, begging my way from station to station, bushing, looking after sheep, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water.

"One day luck came. I painted a big white lion for a public house sign and got $50 for it. Then ensued an epidemic of white lions, and for a while I lived on the fat of the land. But fever came, hundreds died, and my chum and I started a burial ground, where we not only buried the dead but read the service over them, too. A flood came then, and he and I built a special boat, which is still running. After this I went south to civilization. I met a newspaper man the first day I was in Melbourne and became a reporter on the Age, and I worked on newspapers till I left Australia. I was told to report a police case on a Chinese lottery for the Sydney Herald. I viewed it entirely from its humorous side, with the result that I was always assigned to police court work, until at last I grew sick of it and came back to England. I worked my way home as third mate, and landed in town with $40 in my pocket."

It was after this Mr. Bellew went on the stage.

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NELLIE V. NICHOLS, talking for publication in San Francisco, tells this story about David Warfield:

"Warfield applied for a job at Fischer's while he was home on vacation. He was walking down the Rialto with Archie Levy, the vaudeville agent, talking about the old 'Frisco days when he was hissed off the stage at his first appearance. Warfield was wondering what his chances for an engagement in a cheap place would be to-day, and just for a lark Levy suggested a try-out at Fischer's. Warfield was game. They came up here and Levy introduced him to one of the managers. He had never seen Warfield, and he fell easily.

"'What kind of a turn?' says the manager.

"'Jew,' says Warfield.

"'Lemme see it.'

"They went down into the theatre and Warfield stood on the bare stage and gave fifteen minutes of Hebrew monologue as only he can give it. The manager thought it was pretty good.

"'How much salary?'

"'How much will you pay?' says Warfield.

"'How much will you take?'

"'Nothing less than thirty a week.'

"'I'll give you eight weeks at twenty-five.'

"'Done,' says Warfield.

"And they came up here and signed the contracts. Warfield is going to have his framed. Levy said to the manager: 'Ain't you going to buy a drink on this?' and they went to the bar and the manager threw down 50 cents and asked what they were going to have.

"'Oh, let's have a bottle of wine,' says Warfield, pulling out a roll of bills as big as a turnip.

"The manager's eyes got kind of sick, and Levy says to him: 'I forgot to tell you, this is DAVID Warfield, Dave Belasco's star.'

"The manager smiled, still sick-like, and says: 'Oh, yes, I knew it all the time.'"

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"I SUPPOSE I am the only girl on the stage who doesn't want to be a star."

So spoke Miss Aimee Angeles, tripping down from her dressing room at the Majestic, followed by her maid bearing an armload of garments for the quick changes Miss Angeles was soon to make—garments Scotch, garments Italian, garments Indian, garments nautical, in which she gives characteristic dances with Sam Culp, the diminutive comedian of "Wonderland."

"Truly," she went on, in reply to an incredulous smile. "I just want to go on dancing and being happy. Oh, yes, I'm always happy! Born that way, I suppose. Yes, I was born to the stage. My father was Alexander Zanfretta, the clown in the Hanlon Brothers' 'Fantasma.' Most people couldn't pronounce the name, and when they took to calling me 'Little Clamfritters' I put up a childish rebellion. Then it was to look for a name. I wanted to be called Mecca. It was a name that sounded good, and I'd heard stories of the pilgrims journeying to the mystic place of prayer. But my father did not like that, and we compromised on Angeles. No, it wasn't on account of anything angelic in me, but because I had had a good time in Los Angeles. What's in a name anyway?"

Doesn't it strike you there's a story in this one? CHARLES DARNTON.

Christmas Trees.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

I'VE heard tell of how the poets
Sing the beauty and the charm
To be found in the magnolia tree,
The cypress and the palm.
The offspring of the acorn
Is a source of much delight,
While a "family tree" is said to be
A most consoling sight.

But the acme of perfection,
Bloom and fruitage, e. t. c.,
Is the jolly little, sturdy little
Blooming Christmas tree.
Whole forests have no power
To banish care and gloom,
And make glad the passing hour
Like a Christmas tree in "bloom."

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

EDITED BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

HOW TO HELP YOUR HUSBAND—DON'T TRY

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THE other day I got a letter from a young wife who complained to me that while she did everything possible to make her husband's home a happy one, and thought she succeeded, she would like to take a larger part in his life and be of some practical use to him in his affairs.

It seems to me that this young woman and many like her are in danger of falling victims to the vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself.

Any woman who makes her husband thoroughly happy in his home may consider herself a wonder.

There is, of course, a negative sort of contentment that comes from having one's dinner on time and the studs out in one's evening shirt that belongs to matrimony at its worst estate. But happiness is another matter.

The woman who tries to meddle in her husband's affairs or shape his career with fingers that were made to mark time on a pie crust errs inevitably.

It needed no weighty diatribe from Mrs. Humphry Ward to teach that lesson, though certainly "The Marriage of William Ashe," in which Grace George presents a charming picture of the harming, hindering, would-be "helpful" wife, effaces the last lingering doubt any woman with the notion of being too capable may have.

It is always possible to be a charming wife without being a controlling public influence, but it is quite impossible to be both.

The wifely role is essentially a subordinate one. Man's nature and woman's nature have conspired from the beginning to make it so. The moment a woman seeks to drag it under the calcium and make her husband a mere "leading man" she destroys the integrity of the part.

A great many of us insist on an all-star cast of matrimony these days, but we destroy the best traditions of the role by doing so.

Two heads are rarely better than one, except over the breakfast cups. Like all the other saws and proverbs that particular phrase merely embalms a salutary untruth.

About half the time the head in the matrimonial outfit belongs to a man; the other half it is on the demurely sloping shoulders of his better half.

The first half contains all the happy marriages, for a man can forgive a woman every crime in the calendar except that of being his superior. The helpless wife pleases him far better than the helpful one. We must never surmise that they need help, anyhow.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Post-Office Box 1,554, New York.

She Is Quite a Beauty.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young girl of sixteen and am considered quite a beauty. I am desperately in love with a man four years my senior, but he is very ugly and his name is almost unpronounceable. He wants me to be married secretly, but I would be ashamed to introduce him to my friends. What shall I do? I belong to the most exclusive set of society. H. G.

If I were in the most exclusive set of society I think I would read and study and learn how to spell. You don't love a man if you are ashamed of him.

Family Troubles.

I AM a young girl of nineteen, in love with a respectable young chap who cares a great deal for me. My folks disapprove of any seriousness on account of family troubles. O. S. F.

Your letter it too vague for me to answer you properly. It depends on what the family troubles are as to whether they should influence you or not. If your marrying would deprive some dependent and aged relative of support you can't do it. Otherwise

THE JAP BABY'S AMUSEMENTS AND DAILY LIFE.

By Lady Lawson.

JAPANESE babies see everything that goes on, and the mothers or sisters on whose back they are carried pursue their wonted occupations regardless of the burden behind. One sees a little girl of seven or eight playing at battledore or skipping-rope, and jumping and running about, with a baby on her back sleeping peacefully through all the noise; and those who are too small to carry real babies have big dolls strapped on in similar fashion. As soon as she can walk alone the little Japanese girl has her doll tied on in this way, and learns to carry it steadily and carefully before she is trusted with her baby brother or sister.

Japanese babies swarm everywhere in the most crowded thoroughfares, never rebuked, never ill-treated, never in the way, with grave formal manners, looking like dignified burlesques as they toddle along in their long flowing gowns and long sleeves, says Lady Lawson, in Black and White, from which the accompanying illustrations are reproduced.

In the present day Japanese children play most of the time-honored children's games of the West, such as "prisoner's base," "fox and geese," and "tag," and the boys are adepts in the art of kite-flying, while the girls blow soap-bubbles and hunt fire-flies with

"go-out-a-fishing" day after day for

these vociferous grasshoppers in small bamboo cages, content to hang them up and listen to them chirping "mi-mi-mi" all day long.

Young Japan ceases to be interesting when he dons a flat cap, European shoes, and blue spectacles, but in babyhood he is irresistible; and one's heart goes out to these dear little shaven-pater pickaninnies, placid and plump, looking out on life from the folds of their mother's kimono, with tiny twinkling almond eyes and funny little snub noses.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Calf's Liver and Celery.

COOK a cupful and a half of chopped celery in water until tender. Drain thoroughly and add to half a cup of cooked calf's liver mixed together with three-quarters of a cup of cream sauce. Season to taste, stir over the fire until it boils, and serve on slices of buttered toast.

Potatoes Maitre d'Hotel.

PARE eight cold boiled potatoes lengthwise, cut in cylinders, and then in thin slices. Put two ounces of butter in a stew pan, add the potatoes and half a pint of broth. Simmer gently from ten to fifteen minutes on a slow fire, stirring at times. Salt and pepper over and finish with an ounce of butter, a little chopped parsley and lemon juice.

Baked Mashed Potatoes.

PREPARE some mashed potatoes, also some mashed sweet potatoes, keeping them both hot. Alternate layers of each in a baking dish, putting the sweet potato on top. Form a design over the top with the tip of a knife, pour melted butter over, and bake in the oven.

Souffled Sweet Potatoes.

CUT raw sweet potatoes into lengthwise slices and throw them one by one into hot frying fat. They must be carefully watched, as they cook quickly.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

NO head-covering is prettier for the little children than just such caps and hood as these. They can be made from a number of materials, are simplicity itself, yet give an exceedingly smart and chic touch to the toilet while they mean absolute comfort to the small wearers. Both caps are in Russian style. The plain one, as illustrated, combines white broadcloth with Astrakhan cloth and is trimmed with braid and pompom, while the full one is shown with band of plush, crown portion of cloth. Many other materials, however, might be suggested, the fur plushes being particularly well liked for the bands and in many instances for the entire cap with the plain crown. The little hood is one of the most becoming for small girls and appropriately can be made of either velvet or cloth, with trimmings of fur, swansdown or some pretty banding. Illustrated, however, the material is broadcloth with trimming of beaver fur.

Child's Caps and Hood—Pattern No. 5215.

The quantity of material required for the plain cap is 1-4 yard of broadcloth with 1-8 yard of Astrakhan cloth; for the full cap 3-8 yard of broadcloth with 1-8 yard of plush, and for the hood 3-8 yard of broadcloth with 1 1-8 yards of fur.

Pattern No. 5215 is cut in sizes for children of one, two and four years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.